
Title: Codex Maleficarum volume I (a)

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THE
PATH
OF
SCREAMS
 z s g
hs '
sh ʌmph
s dm
d ah s hs
 z s g
yg hs '
sh
yg z

(n^ r)

STAGE I

THE
VIPER'S WHISPER

en
ف-
r|d
sh smyg- lyg
mygph hyehs
v' ' 'yersz
v en t
v phm t>
ne en -
z Dye g lyg
khen ph nt '
d t z
'
' s
z '

(n^ r)

Every Infernalist,

whether he learns the
Black Arts or not,
reaches a time in his
life where goodness
seems pathetic. For
whatever reason, he
feels the hunger of
the inner abyss, sees
the eyes that
surround him in the
night, and decides
that he was never
meant for a life of
virtue. Every human
being, at some point,
hears the Darkness
call his name. But
while other people
wander in the woods a
short ways from the
fire, the diabolist
decides to enter the
night unafraid and see
where his instincts
take him.

The Bellyful of Thorns

The journey
always starts with
hunger. Like a dog
whose chain has been
kept tight too long, the
would-be Infernalist
is wild with
frustration and
suppressed rage. No
matter what the cost,
he must be free; if
that means damnation,
then so be it!

Every person is
born with a desire to
sin. Everyone does so
from time to time. But
the initiate-to-be
wants more than
just vague
naughtiness. He
craves indulgences
and insights that mere
crimes cannot satisfy.
And so, at this stage,
he goes off to find
them. The Path of
Screams begins with a

decision. A person
may be dragged away
from it in the end, but
he always makes the
first step on his own.

Invoking the Abyss

Once he's decided to
leave virtue behind,
the initiate curses his
former slavery.
Realizing that he's
been blinded and
retrained by an
unjust god, he begins
to smash that god's
taboos. Most
newcomers begin with
small, simple crimes
- petty larceny,
blasphemy, simple
assaults upon persons
and property -
although some display
more ambition. at this
stage, the initiate
usually meets some
like-minded friends:
his future mentors or
partners in crime.

Sooner or later, he
calls upon the powers
of the Enemy, the
Adversary either
within or without that
the old god could not
tolerate. Most times,
the initiate literally
invokes the Devil, or
celebrates a ritual to
gods his culture has
forbidden. Sometimes
he does something
suicidal, like running
off naked to a
snowstorm or flinging
himself into a bonfire;
by challenging both
his flesh and his
sense of self, he
summons up the
Enemy within.

Thus, the Void is
opened and
acknowledged. By

violating both the laws
and the religion by
which he was bound,
the initiate invokes the
Abyss and sets
himself apart. Many
initiates never make it
past this point;
consumed by doubt,
terror or shame, they
fall back to the fire.
Sometimes the
authorities take over
and imprisonment or kill
the would-be
Infernalist. But
occasionally something
answers to the call. A
demon takes an
interest in the initiate
and marks him for
future study.

Lex Praedatorium

In the course of his
challenges, the initiate
learns the Law of
Predation: Some eat,
most are eaten. Since
the laws of god and
man forbid a person
from injuring or
killing his own kind,
the initiate turns on
his brothers, and
sisters like a rabid
wolf. Searching out
the weakest and most
vulnerable "sheep", he
begins to feast.
Robbery and
murder become his
favorite pastimes. He
might feel some
compassion for his
victims at first, but
sooner or later he
learns to enjoy the
game.

Thus, the demon
tests its would-be
pawn and the initiate
acquires a thirst for
criminality. More
often than not, the

Daemon manifests
at this time, possibly
as a teacher, often
as a white-hot poker
up the initiate's ass.

The Nightmare Dance

Ah, yes. The
Daemon: the blazing
kiss of mystery that
draws a Sleeper into
Wakefulness. When
and if the initiate gets
a mystick summons,
his Daemon begins its
none-too-subtle work.
Seducing, mocking,
cajoling or dragging
the aspirant into
Awakening, the
Mystick Self appears,
first in dreams, then
in visions of
near-insanity. The
Nightmare Dance
begins.

No Daemon is
gentle, but an Infernal
one is worse than
most. Taking the role
of predator, the
guiding spirit forces
the initiate to show
his spine. There's no
place for cowards at
Satan's table, and the
Daemon is literally the
Satan within. A
manifestation of the
inner Adversary, this
soul tutor sweeps the
aspirant along on the
harrowing journeys
where everything he
has ever feared about
himself burns into
his heart like a brand.
Thus, the would-be
magus either faces
his own soul head-on,
or settles into the role
of a lesser wizard...
or slave.